

THE LOG

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Colonel Methuen: a Tale of Talbot House

This new tale of Talbot House, written by Tubby, in a Rhodesian train, partly on Eastern Telegraph Company forms and dated 24/6/34, has come home after first appearing in a Rhodesian paper, so that it may now reach the wider circle of the family of Toc H. Its simplicity and directness are the hall mark of the work of the Old House. The account of Tubby's earliest meeting with the Colonel in Poperinghe may be found in the Toc H Journal for June, 1925, under the title "Real J.A.M."

WE are, as usual, in a Rhodesian train, this time the only coach, the only passengers. We're making for my Mecca of Umtali, which I have had in mind for donkey's years.

I have had it in mind for the most simple reason; which you are free to laugh at or to condemn. It is not that Umtali is well known to me as the Garden City of Southern Rhodesia or as the Eastern Gateway of the Southern State. It is not because it houses famous folk like the father and mother of Kingsley Fairbridge, whose name is blessed throughout Australia, or F. C. Burgess, who came out in '57, or Ben Moodie, the last of the Melsetter Moodies from Orkney, and survivor of a famous pioneer trek.

It is not that I may be privileged to meet such men and others of their calibre. Nor yet, while I am steadfastly purposed to see the Toc H Hall and all therein—being a member of that queer concern, and rather keen about it now and then. . .

Have you yet guessed, or have you given up reading? Does all this strike you as poor prose and still worse sentiment?

For once I do not care for you or your expression of distaste. Another man than you is in my mind, and I am going to see him in an hour. We have not met since 1916, when we knew each other but for a day; but that day was enough to win

me utterly. I am content he should be judged by it.

It was in Poperinghe, in Talbot House.

I had just shuffled across the Rue de Pots, according to my wont, to send a signal. A new Brigade Headquarters had moved into the billets, and their signal section had taken over the little crowded office at the corner. I went in gingerly, prepared to perjure my chaplaincy (temporary 4th class) in order to achieve the despatch of a message to Neville Talbot. Signals in war are meant to be kept clear for guns and raids and warlike operations. While I was persuading the Signal Sergeant that my necessity was vital to the tenure of the Salient, the inner door gave way: the Colonel entered.

I say the door gave way. Things far more stubborn gave way to Colonel Methuen in his prime.

"Hullo, Padre," he said, "what are you up to with my signallers?"

I breathed a prayer and exuded an explanation and apology.

"All right," he said, "that's quite all right. Don't worry. But what are you going to do for us in return? I've heard of Talbot House. When are your services? We haven't had a chance for a long time."

I rattled off the times of Evensong, and added, in parsonic undertone, the times of daily Celebrations. I needn't

have employed the undertone. I might have left the word to Edmund Blunden.

The Colonel used no undertones at all.

"That's good," he said, "I'll be there, 7 a.m. tomorrow. I think a few of us would like to come. Sergeant, arrange the duties, if you please, so that your lads can be there if they wish. Which of them are confirmed? Are you? Are you? That's right—" to one, and "Why not?" to another. "D'you want to be? The Padre will arrange it."

When written down, the episode sounds formal, like undue influence or even compulsion. But then, you don't know your Colonel Methuen—whom I'm about to see again at last, tonight, after these eighteen years.

Out of the Signal Section, the next morning, the Sergeant and some others came to worship. If in their human frailty, a portion of their worship was transferred from the Great Master to a figure kneeling with several of his officers, I do not think Our Lord resented it. There is a quality residing in such men at times like that, which is not less divine because so human. Maybe the men were ill-prepared and ignorant, but so were the Twelve in the Upper Room.

And Confirmation candidates? O yes. The signallers brought others. The Brigade Padre and I—old friends—had classes especially for the 17th K.R.R., who happened to have struck an opportunity when Bishop Gwynne could come to the Old House.

I have not seen the Colonel since that day. He and I meet in a few moment's time. We've written to each other twice a year, and he has done his damndest for Toc H, of which he was for a long time the only member in the Rhodesias. He must be old by now; but so am I.

Are there men elsewhere who have so great reason for thankfulness and sense of God's supremacy as I have now in this Rhodesian train? Alas, the signallers are most of them gone hence, not coming home—their bodies by now dust. Dead men surround the meeting of us two, men whom he led and loved, men whom I tried to teach a little while, men whom Christ fed with His immortal Food. So we two meet.

Umtali! Here it is!

And here's the Colonel. . .

But his handshake! . . .

Tubby.

C.M.S. Summer School at Malvern

"NEARLY six hundred years ago, 'on a May morning on Malvern hilles,' William Langland, the author of *Piers Plowman*, saw his great vision of a field full of folk, of a world full of troubles and oppression, and of a mysterious figure moving among them for their healing." These words form the opening paragraph to the Introductory Leaflet inviting folk to the Summer School of the Church Missionary Society at Malvern this year. The writer then goes on to liken this generation to the times of William Langland; "A world which is weary of its sorrows and of the

apparent bankruptcy of thought and statesmanship, is asking, 'Who will show us any good?' As of old, the question resolves itself easily into the prayer, 'Lord, lift Thou up the Light of Thy Countenance upon us.'"

To those of us who were gathered together day by day in the tent at Malvern it seemed as though that mysterious Figure, described by William Langland, was really among us; as in thought and spirit we tried to follow in the footsteps of Christ the Redeemer, and to learn of His Redemptive work which is being carried on by His Redeeming Community in all parts of the world. The feeling of

fellowship and comradeship with some of the bravest and most devoted of Christ's followers at home and overseas, was a very wonderful and inspiring experience; and I am attempting this very inadequate description, in the hope that some readers of the Log who have not yet had an opportunity of coming to Malvern for the Summer School may attempt next year to do so. We in the L.W.H. of Toc H do know and value the feeling of family fellowship with those overseas, and if we are attempting to do any overseas work for the Church or Toc H I know of no more helpful way than in making full use of the ten days of experience at Malvern.

The Bishop of Uganda in his address on "Transforming Life in Africa," told us that his first thought on receiving the invitation from C.M.S. to speak on this subject, was, how many really transformed people were there working for Christ in Africa? Africa can only be won for Christ by really transformed people, and so it seemed that the subjects for the morning sessions came home and touched each one of us personally, for it may be we ourselves, first of all, who are a stumbling block to a redeemed Africa, or India, or Great Britain. And so each morning we were helped to contemplate the "Meaning of the Cross in the purpose of God." One dare not touch on such a tremendous subject except in the terms of the deepest humility, and the Vision of Isaiah in the sixth Chapter which was read to us on the second morning of the School put into words the sensations one passed through, "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." For each Speaker in turn throughout the School, whether from England, China, Africa or India showed a Vision of the Lord of Hosts, and the redemptive work of Christ, not merely as some great historic fact, or theological dogma of the Church, but as a living vital reality shown forth

in the active life of Christ's people, whether Catholic, Anglican or Free Church, all over the world.

The early morning Session studied the great subject of the Redemption, first from the point of view of Christ our Redeemer, then as the Church which is the Redeeming Community, and lastly, ourselves, who are called to be "Sons of God;" and for those who wish to read these most valuable and helpful addresses, together with the others, the Report may be obtained shortly from C.M.S. House, Salisbury Square, E.C.4. The latter part of the morning Session took a more practical bent. We were given the names of interesting and helpful books on all aspects of Missionary Work and one morning a very amusing little play was acted called "Interesting Others." Another morning a most helpful and instructive talk on "Giving," which should be not merely money but a gift of the entire personality, was given us by a Methodist Missionary who had done pioneer work in Nigeria; and on a third morning written questions about missionary work overseas were answered by two members of the C.M.S., a present and a former missionary. The side of the tent was lined with stalls filled with information on the numerous departments of the C.M.S., for example, the Medical Missionary Stall showed patterns of the different bandages, etc., wanted abroad. The end of three mornings were taken up in Group Discussion on questions which arose in studying the early morning sessions. I was fortunate in being an inmate in the House of the Young People's Dept., and we had four groups which met for discussion, and after the third morning we found that sharing our thoughts and memories together was a very good opportunity for the making of friendships.

The afternoons of the School left people free to do as they pleased until supper time. Each afternoon games, sports or organised excursions or rambles took place in and around Malvern or in her neighbouring towns, such as

Worcester, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, etc. Besides this every afternoon one of the Dept.'s of C.M.S. house gave a squash and for the sum of 6d. (except at the Medical Missions squash, to which we were invited free, by an amusing parody of "Where are you going to my pretty maid?") one got a very good tea, and the opportunity of private talks with Missionaries.

I happened at the Missionary Service League squash to find myself in a small group of people listening to Miss Neve from Travancore, South India, who was telling us of her band of Indian women, High Caste girls, who live with her and work amongst the Outcasts in Travancore, doing Evangelistic teaching, and nursing and social service work of all kinds. Miss Neve lives exactly as Indian women live, sleeping on the floor when rush beds are not available, and eating Indian food. She and her helpers share their possessions in common like the early Christians did; at first they wandered about the country, but now as the Band numbers twenty-five, it has a permanent house called Bethel at Travancore. I happened to travel home in the train with an Indian gentleman, one of our Speakers, who told us that his aunt, Miss Jacobs, lives and works with Miss Neve, and that this example of Christian devotion on Miss Neve's part is having a tremendous influence on the lives of Indians.

At the Medical Missions squash to which I also went, a member of Toc H described the working of the new scheme of the British Association for helping Lepers, which our Founder Padre has inaugurated; and he told us that six sponsors have already come forward to guarantee the expenses of six volunteers, and that a doctor is amongst these. One hundred and fifty Toc H men and thirty L.W.H. members have volunteered for service amongst lepers for five years, so that the scheme is now successfully launched, and requires further development in the finding of sponsors. Our own Y.P.D. Squash was also extremely in-

teresting and any L.W.H. Groups who would like to hear more of the absorbing work of interesting young people in Missions should communicate with the Secretary of the Y.P. Department at C.M.S. House.

The evening Speakers spoke of the Cross in the World. On Saturday evening Dr. Anderson, from a Medical Training College in West China, told us in the most moving and sympathetic manner of the possibilities of the Christian's triumphing over suffering; he gave us a most vivid picture of fighting with the "Reds" and the way in which his Doctors and Nurses looked after the enemy wounded after the battle, and by their loving care won many over to Christ. He also told us that if China possessed all the Doctors and Nurses of Europe they would scarcely be enough to deal with the problem of disease in China, as it is there are only two hundred and fifty-one hospitals in the whole of China, and twelve of these are Missionary Hospitals. So that Dr. Anderson's work of training Chinese doctors and nurses is very urgent and necessary. The Rev. Stuart Cox then told us of ways of helping the Medical Mission Auxiliary Work abroad by means of Share Plans, etc.

A wonderfully able and illuminating talk on "Challenging Loyalties in China," was given us by Mr. Lei, who showed us that the study of Confucius has practically passed, and that neither Nationalism symbolised in the figure of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, or Communism, or even Humanism, which is the finest type of present political thought, and which stresses the importance of self reliance, self control and self respect, can ultimately save China. For Our Lord's saying is true that only he who loseth his life shall save it, and only in self sacrifice and by the way of the Cross can China find a new and living Way. Amongst other things Mr. Lei told us that Christianity in China takes a very practical form, copies of the Bible are placed in each bedroom of the hotels owned by Christian proprietors and Christian

bakers place texts in the little loaves of bread they sell, which are thus broadcast over the country.

From China we passed, on Tuesday evening, to India and the Rev. M. S. Kazi gave us in the most poetic and beautiful English, a description of what Christian Discipleship means to the religious mystic who is spending his life in "Creating Fellowship in India." Mr. Kazi's talk showed one what deep lessons the West has still to learn from the East.

On Wednesday evening it was indeed a joyous sight, to see Mr. Chandi, from South India, Mr. Lawrence from the African Gold Coast, and Rev. J. T. Arulanantham, from Ceylon, sitting together on the platform with the Rev. W. Caley, the C.M.S. Home Secretary. Their message was "Drawing all men unto Him" and each in turn gave us a wonderful insight into the work for Christ which is going on in these different countries. Mr. Chandi, amongst

other things, showed us that it is not necessary to go abroad in order to do missionary work for India, for we have the chance of befriending and influencing Indian students, etc., who are over here, and who badly need our friendship and help. Mr. Lawrence spoke in the most grateful manner of what England has done in bringing Christianity to Africa, and I could not help thinking with thankfulness of the splendid work being done by two of our L.W.H. members in Africa, Dorothy Maud at Ekutuleni, Johannesburg, and Muriel Ellis, at Aba, Nigeria. Mr. Arulanantham then gave a glowing account of work for Christ in Ceylon.

I cannot end this attempt at an account of the School without mentioning the wonderful Corporate Communion and Dedication Service on Thursday morning, and the final Evening Service of Praise and Thanksgiving, which was rendered still more beautiful by the African organist's accompanying music. S.E.

Improving Tower Hill

And first, let's help the children!

TWO urchins from St. Pancras were met walking purposefully along Euston Road by their club leader. They carried large fishing rods and small buckets and in response to sympathetic enquiries, confided that their goal was a thrilling one—nothing less than the new "Children's Lido" (pronounced with a long i, please!) by the Tower! Truly, the most popular corner in London to-day is the one just inside the point where the eastern end of the Roman Wall joins the river, and below William the Norman's Keep. And truly too, the Improvers of Tower Hill planned better than they knew when they arranged for the ceremonial opening of the children's tidal playground on the shore below the Tower to take place on July 23rd—the Monday of the very week when the school holidays began!

Tommy was worried about this "breaking up" of a school he had learnt to enjoy for only a term or two. "School's broke up," said he to his mother, "who's going to pull it down, and who's going to mend it, mum?" But now school is forgotten and a new slogan falls from the lips of the Bermondsey children. "Where's Tommy?" "Gone down to Tower Bridge—its all right now, you know!" And bearing in mind what she had read in the evening papers of the Waterman who is to keep constant vigil over venturesome youth down by Tower Beach and the St. John's Ambulance Brigade member who is to be regularly on duty there, Mother ceases to worry.

A new playground for London children—a place where they can stretch their limbs and expand their lungs as other

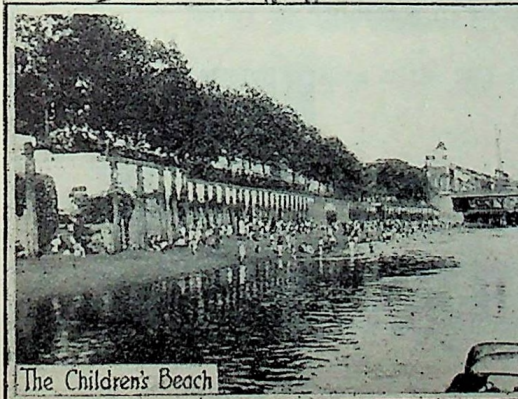
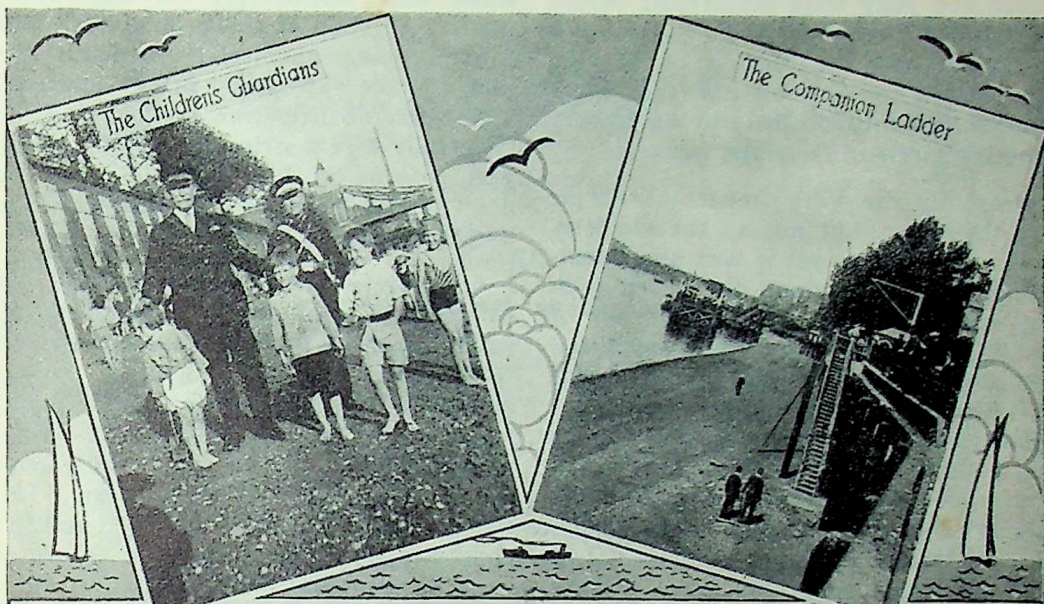
children no doubt have done there before. We have read much of the blood-stained dark ages of Tower Hill, of executions and captivities; but surely even so, the London child of every century has played his games upon the Thames Strand and sailed his boats upon the tide as it ebbed and flowed, while his elders (I will not say betters) were occupied with wars and intrigues. When Boadicea descended upon London and sacked and burnt it to the ground, were no children surprised at play anywhere there? To-day there is still an element of adventure about Tower Beach, in which the moving tide and the chance of mud, the boats from far countries, some with queer names in strange writing, the river police, hawk-eyed for mischief or danger, the pleasure steamers with crowded decks on their way to famous seaside resorts, the dark shadow of Tower Bridge mysteriously dividing asunder at the call of the bigger ships, and the protecting majestic mass of the Tower itself, are all actors and play their part. And if the first exuberance of the thousands of small fry who flocked there during the first week was impossible to curb, may they gladly be forgiven where they overstepped the mark, in the certainty that here by Thames-side will be a training ground for men and women of England of whom we shall yet be proud.

And so we come to the opening ceremony itself. Those who know the Tower of London will realise what a magnificent setting Tower Wharf would make for a scene of such pageantry as was to take place on the afternoon of July 23rd. It was very much the children's day and such a scene as every child would love. Crowds assembled in the sunshine on both sides of the barriers of the enclosure where the Dedication and Opening was to take place, and where golden chairs, such as the imagination associates in story book fashion with kings and queens and royal residences, were arranged for the distinguished guests. There were four or five hundred children from all the schools surrounding Tower Hill waiting here to descend

the companion ladder, and presently through the crowd came prancing the horses which drew the three Mayoral Equipages. Having failed to get through the ordinary entrance they had perforce to drive round Tower Wharf and make their precarious way over the draw-bridge! The procession of representatives of the King, the Church, various river authorities and different companies and societies, was not only bright and beautiful in colour, but also bore witness to the unifying power of a great cause. Never had so many different authorities met before in so peaceful a fashion within the Tower Gates.

Lord Wakefield, the Fairy Godfather of the scheme (which, of course, originated in Tubby's fertile imagination and sympathetic heart) read the Petition to His Majesty the King, praying for leave for the children to use the beach under proper safeguards, and the Lieutenant Governor of the Tower read His Majesty's answer giving his gracious permission. The Lord Mayor of London and the Mayor of Stepney spoke, and finally, the Lord Bishop of London dedicated the beach to the use of the children. Thereupon Lord Wakefield cut the ribbon at the top of the companion ladder and a stream of children poured down upon the beach, meeting many others who had dodged the police and found their way round by Irongate or Tower Stairs. As this final act took place, sirens and hooters burst forth in salute from the many boats then lying in the Pool and the British Legion Band began to play.

And now came the most exciting time of all. A few weeks ago there was a picture in the *Illustrated London News* of Tower Beach as it might become. Imagine this picture come to life and fill every corner with movement and colour and sound and even then you will hardly do justice to the scene. Just at the foot of the companion ladder were men in white overalls dispensing out of huge wicker hampers an unlimited supply of ices and cakes in cardboard boxes to every child, and soon the shore was dotted all over with small groups of picnics. A little further on,



Punch and Judy were performing before an admiring crowd, and when Lord Wakefield and the Bishop of London came down to join the fun, they were immediately surrounded by a merry shouting circle of boys and girls.

Presently the Very Important People left the scene, but not so the children. For several hours yet it was almost impossible to move along the beach with any speed, so great was the number of small people exploring its possibilities. Almost the first thing that happened was that little piles of clothes began to be deposited at the foot of the wall of Tower Wharf and the water was soon filled with those who swam and those who merely paddled. One small man was discovered walking about disconsolately with his boots under his arm. "What shall I do with my boots?" said he. Other still smaller people went as far as they dared in Wellingtons, while yet others held Dad's hand trying, meanwhile, the feeling of the shingly shore under their bare feet. Tiny ladies accepted the courteous assistance of even tinier gentlemen as they wandered hand in hand along the waterside. There were family parties everywhere and building sand castles, playing ducks and drakes, and yacht-racing with fragments of wood soon became the serious occupation of many. Life-belts of vivid colours made their appearance, chiefly round the waists of young ladies who did not go far out to sea.

The companion ladder was never for a moment empty, for children went up and down it without ceasing, just for fun. Even those sacred stairs on which none but the feet of Queens are wont to step were soon found to be a convenient hiding place for sundry garments. One wondered how many exchanges of rai-

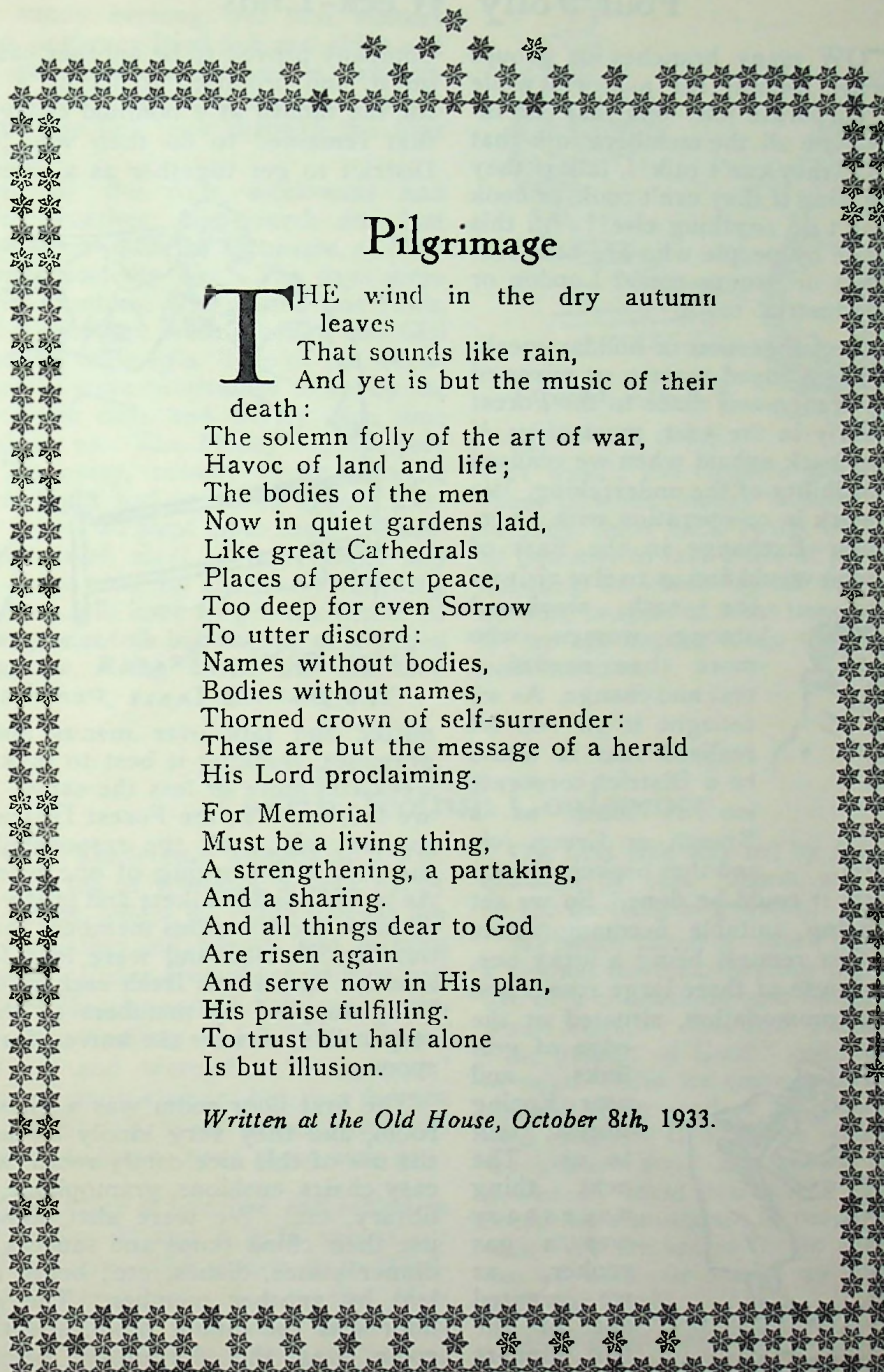
ment were unwittingly (or otherwise) made. A group of three small boys was found robing themselves beneath the pier. "'Ave yer seen a belt?" said one, and when no belt was forthcoming, he cheerfully tore a strip off a sodden white vest to support his pal's trousers; "it don't matter," says he, "I only picked it up off the beach. . ."

And afterwards. Night falls and the children unwillingly leave the shore, which looks as though a snow storm of white paper had fallen upon it. Never mind, the tide, who is a maid with many mops, comes and clears it all away. Very soon the setting sun tints with rose colour the turrets of the Tower. The rising tide has covered the beach and the children's guardian, a waterman, in a white cap and blue uniform, with "T.H.I." on the collar, puts away his boat for the night. But the children's voices linger strangely in the air. I can hear them now, carried on the breeze about Tower Hill and coming in at all my windows; laughter and no tears, just happy voices calling. And then with the exactitude of a dream—perhaps it *was* a dream?—I see a little group of children arriving at break of day with bathing gear rolled up under their arms. What, no children's beach? The tide—? Their faces cloud with disappointment, but a comforting voice from a small Mary announces confidently: "Just you wait—the tide'll be out in a minute or two!"

A.B.S.M.



THAMES MUD



Pilgrimage

THE wind in the dry autumn
leaves
That sounds like rain,
And yet is but the music of their
death:

The solemn folly of the art of war,
Havoc of land and life;
The bodies of the men
Now in quiet gardens laid,
Like great Cathedrals
Places of perfect peace,
Too deep for even Sorrow
To utter discord:
Names without bodies,
Bodies without names,
Thorned crown of self-surrender:
These are but the message of a herald
His Lord proclaiming.

For Memorial
Must be a living thing,
A strengthening, a partaking,
And a sharing.
And all things dear to God
Are risen again
And serve now in His plan,
His praise fulfilling.
To trust but half alone
Is but illusion.

Written at the Old House, October 8th, 1933.

Four Jolly Week-Ends

HOW many branches or groups are looking for a worth while corporate job?—one that can include all the members, folk that can walk if they can't talk!!, talk if they can't sing, sing if they can't cook, or cook if they can't do anything else!! All this can be done by people who are members of branches or groups round London or any big industrial town.

When the suggestion of holiday week-ends for unemployed women or wives of unemployed men was made to the Forest District early in the year, most of us, if not all, sat back aghast when we realised the responsibility of the undertaking. We were to work in co-operation with a certain Labour Exchange in the East of London, who would find us twelve visitors



"MA"

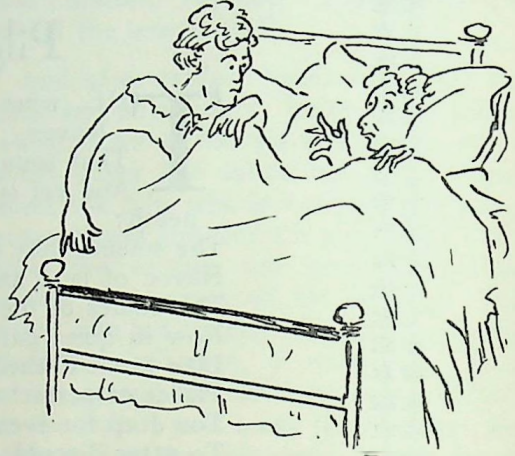
for each week-end among women who more than needed a rest and change. As we thought it all out we realised that it would be a District corporate job as much as a Branch or Group job, and that broken up into small parts it could be done. So we set about finding suitable accommodation, and, the first request being a lucky one, we had a house of three large rooms and kitchen accommodation, situated at the



THE FOREST WALKS
WERE GREATLY
ENJOYED

edge of golf links and near Epping Forest, lent to us. The next thing necessary was a gas cooker, as we wanted one of the two dinners each time to be a hot one. The local Gas

Company proved to be another easy conquest, and promised to fix up a cooker for the month at a nominal charge. All that remained to do then was for the District to get together as a joint com-



"WOULD YOU PREFER
THE BILLIARD TABLE DEAR?"

mittee and talk over menus and programmes, thinking it best to make each week-end more or less the same. There are four units in the Forest District, and so each unit took the responsibility of the cost and working of one week-end. As to beds and blankets and pillows, they all came from various members throughout the District, and were lent for the month. Linen was fresh each week-end, being supplied by members of the unit responsible, as were the knives, forks and spoons.

The first floor room was a girls' club-room, and they very kindly let us have the use of this nice comfy room, with its easy chairs, cushions, gramophone, piano, library, etc. We were also allowed to use their china (cups and saucers, etc.); dinner plates, dishes, etc., being readily lent by another member. The ground floor was the dining room, and the top room was the dormitory, being big enough to take ten camp beds as well as a large billiard table, on which we made up a nice double bed.

So at 7 o'clock on Friday, 1st June, a lovely sunny evening, our first visitors arrived, and over fried fish and chips and TEA we soon established a friendly happy contact, and that spirit prevailed, and was the key note through the four week-ends.

Three of the four week-ends had glorious weather; the fourth and last party was not quite so fortunate, as Sunday was decidedly wet. The days were spent in rambles, picnics and bus rides, and the evenings in sing-songs and Girl Guide entertainments. Two of the week-end parties were entertained to tea by the girls of the club, and a very nice time they gave us. The Friday nights were all a bit noisy, nobody really sleeping until daylight had appeared again. Saturday nights all slept from sheer exhaustion and fresh air!! I don't think any of us who took up the early morning cup of tea will ever forget the vision of twelve womenfolk bobbing up as if pulled up by one string when the tea tray appeared!!



It wasn't too easy to say cheerio to them all when Sunday evening came, and to send them back (each with a bunch of flowers) to face a life of privation and hardship of which we all felt we knew nothing in spite of what they had told us. So we are hoping to do the same again next summer.

D.L.M.

Fourth Scottish Conference

THE Conference started at 5 p.m. by tea in Wendy's, a very happy meal, where we made a great din greeting old friends and making new ones. Padre Humphrey Money and Mr. Colin Macpherson (Edinburgh)—who had been attending a J.A.C. meeting—joined us and were the "lost boys" among so many women, but that did not seem to disturb them unduly, and we were very happy to have them with us.

Shortly after 6 p.m. we assembled in Glasgow Toc H and L.W.H. rooms for the Conference. Our guests from Headquarters were Mrs. Ellison and Miss Gertrude Bolton, and they were welcomed by the Chairwoman of Glasgow Branch, who afterwards asked Mrs. Brocks (Aberdeen) to take the Chair for the evening. "Light" followed.

The first talk was led by Miss Bolton, qualified by Mrs. Ellison, and discussed by the meeting in general.

We were asked to think of Toc H as a method for transforming the corporate life of a community and imagine how it would work. Her first thoughts were "the pursuit of Good" and "the power of mind." Did we come to L.W.H. with the will to do good or for reasons of our own escape? If we come with the first, we attract good and so by using the power of mind we affect others and create an atmosphere of peace and goodwill. We are apt to forget the good we can do with our minds, we are so busy with our hands.

Having got thus far in Toc H L.W.H. consider how this attitude of mind would effect the home and, subsequently, the life of the community. The fine ideals in the heart of each member would give

a backing to the whole life of the home. The atmosphere would be one of harmony and happiness. The home would be used for the benefit of others, giving them an insight into the happy working together of folks with the same high ideals. The inviting of friends (and some who are friendless) into this harmony could be made a great factor in the breaking down of the terrible barrier of class consciousness. Then we thought of the result on the life of children—letting them understand that as they were dependent and under control so their parents were dependent and controlled by a Higher Force. This scheme of things would create a sense of responsibility for the community and on the religious side would develop the habit of listening always for the voice of God, and acting by it.

The reports of the various unit Secretaries were then read and the evening finished about 9.30 by Family Prayers.

Sunday's programme commenced with

Morning Worship, followed by Holy Communion, in the Barony Church of Glasgow.

We had lunch together, then proceeded to the Glasgow Toc H rooms again for a talk from Mrs. Ellison. This was of the very practical order and consisted chiefly of ideas and discussions on the points that crop up in the running of L.W.H. units.

The chief ingredients required seemed to be Tact, Imagination, the Creative Spirit, the Will to go forward. Members were urged to read as many as possible of books about Toc H and books that will widen the vision of Toc H and help to cultivate the mind and spirit. Choose your path to the ideal and follow it fearlessly, helped by the happiness of and love for each other, and by the "Greater Love" for us.

Family Prayers taken by Mrs. Ellison brought this very helpful and inspiring Conference to a close. J.A.B.

This report has had to be shortened owing to lack of space. Ed.

Good News from South Africa

IT is good to know that there is one really good L.W.H. unit existing, for if there is one, it is more than likely that there are others! A friend (who for obvious reasons must remain "Mr. X") writes of one of the units in South Africa in terms of high praise. If we quoted the letter in full the unit would blush *en masse* and become even more "invisible aunts" than they are now.

Briefly, their work is good, so that many quite different people "swear by it" (this means thoroughness and reliability): and their spirit is good and lifts them above what must have been a bitter disappointment; in fact, it seems to be what one ought to expect of people who use the L.W.H. prayer!

One special job mentioned is the despatch of a team of members to cater and cook for the Toc H training week-end. In spite of a diminutive kitchen on the

one hand, and large appetites on the other, the meals were always punctual, plentiful, and well served. The last sentence of the letter runs: "Without them the week-end could not have been the cheerful, thoughtful, helpful time it was." We are not mentioning any names but here is the smiling team, as you see, looking none the worse for their labours.



L.W.H. in South Africa ready for anything.

The wind bloweth . . .

THE record which follows is a perfectly bald statement of what really happened to me, without any attempt at heightening the effect in any way whatever.

For reasons into which I need not go, I had made a complete mess of my life. At the time when this tale opens, I was working in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill—at a job which was not only entirely new to me and different from anything I had ever done before, but was also three months in arrears when I took it over. Before I came to it, everything had smashed that could, or so it seemed. I think it would be true to say that I was hating life, and afraid to die—a very nice combination to which there was apparently no solution. I struggled with the job—its one blessing being that it tired me out, physically and mentally—and kept my mind busy. At lunch time I used to go out alone—I was “off” people, for many reasons. Having eaten, I used to wander about, if the weather wasn’t too bad—rather aimlessly, till it was time to go back. I didn’t *want* to go back till it was time. . . I often passed All Hallows, and stared incuriously at the Toc H symbols and the list of Guild Padres displayed outside. I had heard of Toc H, vaguely, as something to do with the war. I was grown up, though not very old, when the war started.

One day I went inside. I remember wandering about looking at the pictures of people on the wall in the North Aisle—still rather incuriously. At length I reached the North Chapel, and saw the Prince’s Lamp. I stood in front of the Altar, looking at it, quite dispassionately. And then—even now I cannot attempt any explanation—it was as though I were hemmed in by a great crowd of people—so dense that they stood shoulder to

shoulder all round me and I could not move. I did not try. . . And although I heard and saw nothing—yet an insistent questioning was borne in upon me . . .” “What are *you* going to do about it? . . . What are *you* going to do about it? . . . *you*? . . .

I don’t know how long I stood there—it may have been only seconds—but it seemed hours. And then I realised that I was released, as it were. . . I turned and went instinctively to the back of the church—I searched as though in some way directed, among the literature on the table—I found that L.W.H. existed—that New June existed—I discovered that one of the Secretaries connected with L.W.H. was somebody I had known in another connexion, years before. So I went over to New June at once—and made my way upstairs blindly. . . Having arrived, I asked to see her. She was not there, but I saw somebody else who was very kind, and explained things, and gave me literature, and I went away.

This is how I came to join. There was nothing premeditated—no question of having heard about it from somebody else—I believe that in my extremity of mind and spirit I found Toc H—or Toc H found me—does it matter which?

It is nearly seven years since that happened. At times I get very fed up—very much inclined to wonder whether I am achieving anything—whether, after all, I had better give it up . . . But whenever I am disposed to think like that, back from the past comes the same challenge, “What are *you* going to do about it?” And somehow or other I get through the worst of the blackness and go on again.

The above was written more than a year ago. The writer is now working as a Matron in a Borstal Institution, and perhaps this is the real answer to the question.

Do You Read The Log?

THE subject of a discussion among Hammersmith members—"Is the Log worth while?"—raised several interesting points. Whilst everyone appreciated the necessity for such a journal, it appeared that very few honestly read it. Why? Some members complained that it is not appealing to the eye, it has the look of dry reports on committees. We must have these reports which contain much that affects us all. Someone suggested that if the Log, like the Toc H Journal, contained advertisements it would look much more alive, and it was felt that a Correspondence Column was needed.

Another comment, that it contained no "snappy" articles is, after all, a reflection on ourselves, since we as members of L.W.H. are looked to for literary contributions. Unfortunately most of us haven't the gift for writing in a bright and really interesting style, as this article proves!

We would like the Log to be more like the JOURNAL in which we find most interesting subjects written about in an "easy to read" style. By this I do not mean to represent that we are unintelligent, but simply that the Log shall take on a more alive appearance. We would like to know that all our members read it from cover to cover. Something is wanted besides

reports from Branches and Committees, and I feel sure that there must be at least one member in every Branch of L.W.H. who, if she cannot draw or write poems, can at least be bright and snappy on paper about some subject that has been or is interesting enough to share with others.

Maybe other members don't feel like the majority of Hammersmith on this subject—we should soon find out in that Correspondence Column!

* * *

While heartily endorsing much of what is expressed by Hammersmith, the Editorial Committee of the LOG would like to say that they hope that the L.W.H. in general (and possibly Hammersmith in particular?) will really DO something about it.

For instance, the very interesting Correspondence Columns which we used to have, under the sign of "The Laundry," faded from our pages only because the Editorial Staff hadn't time to write any more letters. Now, if our readers and critics would please be so kind as to write some letters themselves about the Burning Question of the Moment, about things which are really puzzling, interesting or about which information is required, and of course, about the Log itself—we should be sure of having a few lively pages anyhow!

This & That

THE annual meeting of the Central Council will be held at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, November 17th, at 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.

The following Groups have been granted Branch status and will have their Lamps lit at the Albert Hall on October 27th—Acton, Altrincham, Blackburn, Blackpool, Bulawayo (South Africa), Chesterfield, Christchurch (New Zealand), Coventry, Dover, Dulwich, East Ham, Edmonton, Enfield, Guernsey, Levenshulme, Liverpool, Peterborough, Preston, Rowditch, Slough, Small Heath,

Tottenham, Tunbridge Wells, Walthamstow, Yenton, Vancouver (Canada).

The World Chain of Light will be observed again this year, starting from the Old House, Poperinghe, on Tuesday, December 11th. For full particulars refer to the Toc H Journal of July, 1934, but we note here that all Toc H and L.W.H. units in Belgium, France, Great Britain, Ireland, West Africa, West Indies, Canada, the U.S.A., and South America, should hold the Ceremony of Light at 9 p.m. by their own time on that day. On Wednesday, December 12th also

at 9 p.m. by their own time, all units in New Zealand, Australia, Malaya, India, Eastern and Southern Africa, Egypt, Malta, Italy and Germany, should do the same. As the last link in the Chain of Light the Ceremony of Light will again be held in Talbot House, Poperinghe, at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, December 12th.

Four most interesting lectures are being given this autumn by Miss Bazely, Vice-Principal of the Deaconess House, Clapham Common, London, to members and probationers of the L.W.H. The Lectures, which are on the *Epistles of St. Paul*, will take place at 42, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3., at 8 p.m. on the following dates:—

Tuesday, October 30th.—The Writer

Tuesday, November 13th.—The Readers.

Tuesday, November 27th.—Problems of Faith.

Tuesday, December 11th.—Problems of Conduct.

During the summer three who have led the L.W.H. in different parts of the country and who have given most generously of their time and strength in its service, have had to withdraw, at any rate to some extent, from its activities. They are *Mrs. Brown*, who has moved from the Northern Area to Harrogate, *Miss Thomas*, who has for so long guided the family in Yorkshire, and *Mrs. Pryce-*

Hughes, whose work in South Wales is necessarily curtailed by an illness she has just had. We are glad that these 'ast two remain as Advisers in their Areas and that *Mrs. Brown* is taking on some work for us in Harrogate. And here we just want to say how grateful we are to them for all the work they have done for us, almost since the beginning of L.W.H.

Monica Hill is reported in the last number of the Log as having suggested at the *Central Conference* "that Toc H is a goal and not a process." What she meant to get across to us, of course, was just the opposite. Toc H, as we should all know well, is not an end in itself but a means to an end.

Some people may know we have a FESTIVAL on this month. May we all meet in the Albert Hall on October 27th!

By the time this number of the Log reaches its readers, the Founder Padre's tour in Southern Africa will be over, and its wonderful results will be becoming known to the family. L.W.H. will like to know that our Patroness, H.R.H. the Duchess of York, has taken a great interest in the tour and wrote a letter to him commending Toc H and L.W.H. to the women of South Africa and hoping that his visit would be productive of a great advance.

The Family Coach

The Family Coach runs this quarter as follows:

Crouch End	to	Woodford	Carlisle	to	Edinburgh
Folkestone	to	Scunthorpe	Maida Vale	to	West Bromwich
Bridlington	to	Morriston	Barnet	to	Worthing
Normanton	to	Dunstable	Moseley	to	Blackpool
Levenshulme	to	Barry	Morton	to	Acton
York	to	Bellingham	Glasgow	to	Withington
Wandsworth	to	Uxbridge	Brighouse	to	Worcester
			Wallasey	to	Small Heath
			Handsworth	to	Hyde

News of the Family

SOUTH AFRICA.

NATAL. We pay our rent in *Durban* in a truly Family way, for not only do the members of three Durban Units join in community jobs, but the Units themselves work as teams, so that we have a corporate job within a community job. Members of Toc H also join in some of this service, making the family work complete. Of course, we have the usual individual jobs to be found in L.W.H. the whole world over. One rather useful and unique service is that of "god-mothering"—for want of a better term—six orphans, shared between two Units. Five children are inmates of an Institution, and one is the posthumous son of an ex-soldier and between us, we remember birthdays and send presents, or a festive cake for them. Lists of garments they are requiring are procured, and, where possible, the garments are made or bought. During holiday periods we take one or more of these orphans away for a few weeks to the sea, or have them separately in our own homes: and we see that Father Christmas leaves a big parcel for our L.W.H. god-children on December 25th each year.

One Unit has undertaken to repair and renovate all broken toys and dolls of this Orphanage, whilst for another corporate job, from February to December, we collect all the ex-treasures of the nursery. Every specie of animal, whole or in fragments, oddments of birds and beasts, toys, books, old cradles, and bits of old perambulators, portions of dolls, wheels of carts, trams, and waggons "of the fragments which remain" we take up many basketsful. All we asked for is what Kipling calls "a rag, a bone, or a hank of hair"—and out of these, clever-fingered, quick-brained members resuscitate beautiful denizens of the field and forest. Old books are turned into new joys; scrap-books for the Children's Hospital are undertaken; fashionably dressed dolls for the modern girl-child grow out of odd bits and

pieces; and motor cars and "puffers" are renovated for the young male. Nothing is wasted, all is counted grist that comes to our mill; a bit of one toy, the fragment from this and that, grow under skilled and willing fingers to unbelievable perfection! Old Grannies of the group knit and crochet caps, and jumpers, and frocks, while younger women sew for the dolls' wardrobe, that all may be clothed. Some young members undertake the curling of hair, fixing of eyes, and wig-making, whilst another re-enamels the faded faces, making them as fresh as a wild rose. Plastic wood aids in the re-modelling of kissed-away-noses, or trodden-away fingers and toes, a coat or two of enamel follows, and soon the old doll is as good as new. During the year the names of poor families are collected by each member; at Christmas time, kind friends lend us their motor cars and, after the huge business of allocation of the toys is finished, we deliver the hundreds of re-made toys. Doll's houses, rocking horses, huge Teddies, in which several children can share, are given to Institutions or Day Nurseries, where generations of youngsters can use them.

Another Unit prefers to send all their labour to swell the Anti-Waste work of Durban.

A few of the Toc H men join in this corporate job, either by aiding with carpentry, upholstering, setting mechanical toys in order, or re-conditioning aeroplanes and motor cars. They make new wheels for trains and trams, add legs to barrows which, after a "lick of paint," become a treasure for some youngster once again. Last Christmas, numbers of Christmas stockings were made from old mosquito nets, bound gaily with coloured wools and filled with parcels of sweets and small toys. These stockings, and also parcels of toys, were sent to a poor children's Christmas dinner, and still more of our toys adorned a large Christmas Tree in a poor quarter. Thus hundreds

of His Little Ones are made happy. Truly a worth-while job.

Yet another big community job lies at the other end of Life's Road. The cheering of the down-and-outs, the homeless, friendless, workless men of middle age, and past it. For such as these, the great army of the disillusioned, the Durban Toc H have opened a Rest Room, and kept it going for about two years. In one of the less busy thoroughfares of the town, may be seen at certain hours of the morning, mid-day, and evening, a steady stream of "out-of-works," and "out-of-hopes," wending their tired way to this place where weary ones may rest without fear of the man-in-blue, moving them on. Our Rest Room opens its doors early, and closes them daily at 9.0 p.m., during these hours unemployed men can come and sit down at one of the many little tables, and have a chat; a game of dominoes or draughts, take a hand of cards; or they can quickly write a letter or answer an advertisement seen in the daily paper provided. A penny buys a big cup of tea, and another penny, either a cheese or meat sandwich, or a cake or bun. Over three hundred tickets are cashed at the Rest Room daily. On rare occasions a generous soul in passing, will leave a donation with the person-in-charge at the time, to be given to the poorer brethren as occasion serves; or a visiting angel may disburse packets of cigarettes to fag-less tobacco-hungry men. A very kindly sympathy pervades the place. L.W.H. takes on from one to three hours daily, or weekly shifts; while the men take over the evening hours. On Sunday nights all the food is free, and L.W.H. and Toc H Units hold themselves responsible as Units for the refreshments, musical items, for supplying a good accompanist to help in the Community singing (when everyone gives tongue), and who plays the simple old hymns which the men love. A lay speaker is invited, who talks to the men, and not at them, for a short while only; time is given for sociability, a few more hymns, and to bed.



Training week-end in S.Africa.

"I am among you as one that serveth" think the Toc H men on duty, and "they also serve who only stand and wait" murmur the L.W.H. as, tired with pouring out a hundred odd cups of tea, they too catch the last tram home.

The TRANSVAAL Units have been asked for any news of unusual doings and unusual jobs being done in this part of the world, and this appears to be rather a tall order. There are only two units of the L.W.H. in this Province, *Johannesburg* and *Pretoria*, and the only unusual thing we have managed to do so far is merely to hang on and keep going. This may sound as if we were at the last gasp, but the truth of the matter is that by dint of hard work, both units have achieved a reputation for efficiency that takes a lot of living up to.

As far as jobs go, I am not sure whether any of them could be called unusual. In Pretoria, the members help during the winter months, to sort old clothing and make up parcels which are distributed to the city's needy. Another job done by this unit is the organising of a concert for the women at the prison. In Johannesburg, the L.W.H. unit has recently started what is known as the Hospital Library job. Two teams go to the Hospital on two different days of each week and distribute the books in the Hospital Library to the women patients. This is not an unusual job, I know, as many other units in other parts of the world do it. The Johannesburg



Training week-end in S. Africa.

Hospital is, however, one of the largest in the Empire and the job is as big as they could possibly like. It is one way of getting in touch with lonely women, as patients are sent to Johannesburg from all over the Union.

The Johannesburg unit is at the moment trying to get going a girls' club. It is hoped in this way to serve girls in domestic service, girl apprentices, and girls from orphanages and similar institutions. It is also hoped to co-ordinate work done by several charitable associations in that city by getting help and helpers from these bodies to run the club. Of course, the ideal is a girls' hostel as well as a girls' club. This hostel idea has been the dream of some of the members for years, it has also been the nightmare of others. However, while there's life there's hope, and as long as the dreamers manage to keep out of the Bankruptcy Court, the sufferers from nightmares will be quite satisfied.

The above is rather short and scrappy, I know, but I have in mind the Editor's blue pencil, and being of Scottish descent, I hate to think of wasting the blue pencil on more of my poor efforts.

CANADA.

Vancouver are to be congratulated on achieving Branch status, specially as they are the first Canadian unit to get their Lamp. This will be lit at the Festival in October. Four units in Canada have been

granted Group status and have received their Rushlights at various times during the year. Padre Holmes, Eastern Regional Padre, handed their Rushlight to *Calgary Group*; and *St. Lambert*, a suburb of Montreal, received theirs from him in May. *Toronto* and *Parkdale* also received Rushlights, and L.W.H. in Canada seems to be going ahead well. All L.W.H. will be glad to hear of the progress of the Canadian units and pray for their care and guidance in the forthcoming season.

U.S.A.

Washington. For the first time in the history of the Log we are able to print news, though unfortunately very short, from a Group in U.S.A. This Group came into being in June of this year and Miss Sally Harrison received the Rushlight from Mr. Coleman Jennings on behalf of the unit.

NEW ZEALAND.

Wellington. Well, the much hoped for and long talked of Dominion Conference has come and gone, and L.W.H. looks forward in hope to a happy, prosperous and healthful future.

I must tell you this, but don't tell anyone I told you! The Chairwoman and Pilot arranged to meet at 6.45 a.m. on Saturday to meet delegates arriving by the South boat at 7 a.m. The Chairwoman's clocks were all slow, and the Pilot still slept peacefully at 6.40 a.m. However, it is marvellous what L.W.H. can do, you know (when they try). These two met the South boat all right, and at half a minute past 7, breaking all the rules of the road to do it!

Delegates were then taken to the homes of their respective (and respectable) hostesses, all meeting at 10 o'clock in the Toc H House where introductions all round were effected.

Conference opened with Light, taken by Padre Leggate, who was later unanimously elected to the Chair. The first business was the Constitution, suggestions for which had been sent out from

Headquarters, and in the matter of the Constitution the Padre's help was invaluable, although he sternly denies having much knowledge of L.W.H. affairs. Dinner was served in the House by our House Convenor, and on the stroke of one, twelve hungry females and one ravenous man descended for it, and showed their appreciation of it by cleaning every plate. As we are now at the dinner table, perhaps it would be a good place to introduce everyone. Auckland was represented by Mrs. Cadoux and Mrs. Jones, Wellington by Dorothy Quinton and Edith Riddick, Nelson by Mrs. Hudson and Nancy Moore, Christchurch by Mrs. Mayo, Miss Havelaar and Miss Cooper, and Dunedin by Miss Salmond and Phyllis Adam.

The afternoon session was devoted to discussion on such matters as Relationship with Toc H, the Spiritual and Social Life of L.W.H., Jobs, Meetings and Programmes, etc. Tea was also served in the House, after which the weary delegates departed to their various homes.

On Sunday afternoon the meeting place was the Botanical Gardens, where members of the local Branch spent an enjoyable afternoon meeting delegates and returning to the House for tea. Afterwards all went on to St. Paul's to join in Padre McKenzie's farewell service.

Nine o'clock on Monday morning found these energetic delegates back to business again. The Constitution was finalised and an election took place for the three L.W.H. representatives on the Dominion Joint Advisory Committee. Those elected were Mrs. Cadoux (Auck.), Edith Riddick (Wgton.) and Miss Salmond (Dun.). The rest of the time was given over to that tiresome subject, "Finance," but truly our Chairman, who is wasting his gifts in any other office but that of Minister of Finance, made the discussion most enthralling and cast quite a new light on this old subject.

I think all delegates were well satisfied with the results of the conference. The work on the Constitution was in itself a big job, and it was thrilling to think that

one had a hand in making something that was going to lay the foundations of L.W.H. government in New Zealand. It was also a wonderful help to meet members of other units and hear of their jobs and difficulties. As one delegate said, they were anxious to meet other members as they had never seen any outside their own unit, and they almost wondered what kind of animals they might be!

Most of the delegates left Wellington by the Nelson and Lyttleton boats on the Monday night, and the wharves were brightened by many L.W.H. farewells.

EAST MIDLANDS. This paper on "Building Bravely" was read at the Area Rally at Derby earlier in the year. "During the time I have been interested in Toc H I have heard various talks on Fairmindedness, Fellowship, and Service, but I think one part of the Main Resolution that is often overlooked, or just mentioned, no more, is Building Bravely, and I am inclined to believe that, in this case, the sting is indeed in the tail. We do not say just build, or even build strongly or well, but bravely, and this is, perhaps, the most difficult of all. I am not, generally speaking, fond of repeating other people's remarks, but a few weeks ago, at Nottingham, I had the privilege of hearing Padre Pat Leonard speak, and the point he stressed most of all was, that we are all, even the very newest member, 'in at the beginning.' By this he meant that although Toc H has been running in this country for about twelve years, we are still in the beginning of a movement that will go on, and still go on in its progress after we have filled our little niche, so that it behoves us to do our part in this great beginning by seeing that the foundations we are building are sound and true to the ideals we have before us.

"The part of the building I am most interested in this evening concerns the members of our Branches, whether or no the membership consists of all types and classes of people, and if not, are we fulfilling all we set out to do? I have heard

it said on occasions that it is better to have quality and not quantity in your membership, but it strikes me that immediately you mention quality you are drawing the line at some type of individual. I have also heard it said 'It is no use bringing so and so to a meeting, she's too flighty, nothing as serious as Toc H would interest her.' (I believe this is quite a general view, that girls must necessarily have a serious side to their nature to be interested). In a case like this I would venture to suggest that the Branch must be at fault, or rather the members of the Branch, if we cannot interest the frivolous. If Toc H is going to be all it was originally intended to be, if it is going to live up to its ideals, if it is in reality going to be Everyman's Club, surely there must be room for the frivolous as well as the serious minded, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, in fact, every type that can possibly be found.

"I wonder how many Branches really do possess the desired mixture, and how many of us do realise that the responsibility of this building up, rests with each individual member. The question may be asked, how are we to interest all kinds of girls at our meetings! Well, I consider that it is our duty to find the vulnerable spot in each new probationer, there is almost sure to be something, some contact point, the love of helping children, or animals—or even just the fellowship side of our movement. Anyway, I think that is where the Building Bravely comes in. It is bravery, you know, to risk snubs and disappointments, and get over mutual antagonisms, trying at all times to sink our own feelings and see the other people's point of view, and still keep our tempers and hide our hurts. Yes, I really think it is bravery that is required to see this thing through, because there is no half measure. This is a whole time job, to be knit into our everyday life until it becomes part of it, not to be brought out one evening a week and then put away again until the next meeting.

"I hardly know whether this is the right end of the paper to be giving an example,

perhaps it is, the nearer it is to the end, the more likely it may be remembered. Most people like a pattern when they are making things, and I think as a pattern for our building we might find many helpful points from our Elder Brethren at Talbot House in Pop, for here, out of misery, mutual suffering and the general horror of the War, were men living together, all types and classes, in harmony, forgetting all differences and class distinctions. And we have, everyone of us, an opportunity at least twice a day of meditating on this harmony, and I, personally, think it would help with the building if we did.

"In conclusion I would just like to point out that in building bravely we do bring in all the points of the Toc H compass. It will need fellowship, service, fairmindedness, and above all, the guiding hand of our Heavenly Father, to build bravely the foundations of this great movement to which we have the privilege to belong."

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT. *Liverpool*
Toc H and L.W.H. met to see how they could further their ideals, especially in regard to their own locality. We discovered that we must first get to know each other before we could start on corporate jobs. This difficulty could be overcome by having more joint meetings. and L.W.H. now have an open invitation for afternoon tea at Gladstone House on Sundays (always providing the "tea" does not "give out"). As someone said, "our ideal is rubbing shoulders with everyman and learning to know and love him." We must start with our own family first then go further afield when we have a firm foundation at home. Further co-operation was suggested in the form of new jobs in connection with the housing problem and unemployment, etc., and L.W.H. found out that the Toc H members had plans for this.

We all felt we knew each other better after this meeting and hope they will now be more frequent. We hope, too, to have joint meetings in the Chapel for family prayers—unity is strength in all things.

SHEFFIELD DISTRICT. *Chesterfield.* Though the month of July seems many weeks ago for those us who "holidayed" early, the seventh of that month is still readily remembered by the Chesterfield L.W.H. and about one hundred members and their wives (not forgetting the babies!) of the People's Service Clubs who, on that day, motored out to Darley Dale to spend the afternoon among the woods and dales in glorious sunshine. The Settlement Hut, where tea was served, was quite capable of dealing with these large numbers in the way of cups and saucers, though people were asked to supply their own cutlery. At about four o'clock, the Duchess of Devonshire,



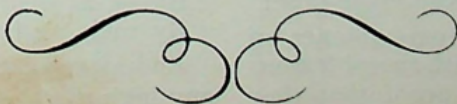
The Duchess of Devonshire at Darley Dale

President of the local L.W.H., arrived, and after greeting everyone, made an interested tour of the Hut with its dormitories, officers' rooms, etc., which were all in readiness for a Guide week-end party. For the energetic a Treasure Hunt was organised, and those who successfully unearthed the clues from rocks and trees were rewarded with prizes;

while for people who preferred something less strenuous, a musical competition, with the aid of a gramophone, was arranged. At 7.30—all too early!—the 'buses collected their passengers and transported them home via Chatsworth and Baslow.

LONDON. *Poplar.* We had booked up a long time beforehand, but at last our Whitsun week-end had come. Two of us were fortunately able to go down on the Friday, so by the time the remainder of our "gang" arrived we two were "old hands" and could point out the various landmarks with pride. We could show them the garden, the tennis courts, the ten-a-quoit courts, the croquet lawn, the skittle alley, the putting green and the pond (complete with goldfish). We could wax enthusiastic over the house, the oak beams, the oil lamps, the Ark, the well, the pump and the charming bedrooms which were appropriately named. (What a thrill to sleep under a ship's lantern in the Ship Room!) We could take them to the beautiful little Chapel. They soon discovered things for themselves, however, and all were at home before very long in every way at Warden.

What a week-end! Lovely country, fresh and sweet in its spring raiment; sea views; quiet times for meditation on the cliffs, in the garden, or in the Chapel; good companions; plenty of riotous fun; healthy exercise and splendid food. We shall long remember the Saturday evening "Broadcast" and we wish the B.B.C. could have "listened in" too. When the time for departure came, the "Poplar Eight" hated going and it was not to be wondered at that they left things behind. Some of these were recovered in due course but little bits of their hearts are left at Warden for good.



The Poets and Children

A comparison between "Songs of Innocence" and R. L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses".

NEITHER Blake nor Stevenson wrote directly for children. The verses in the Introduction to the former's poems may seem to contradict this statement.

"And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear."

So may the fact that every school-child to-day learns Stevenson. But it is quite clear that neither poet deliberately asked the question, "What verse would a child best appreciate?" nor that somewhat disastrous question which Jane Taylor asked, "What verse would best convey moral instruction to a child?" In a certain sense Blake was always a laughing child on a cloud—he had but to write his thoughts as a man, and they were songs of innocence. Stevenson, realising that it was

"But a child of air
That lingered in the garden there,"
had to recreate his impressions, and bring them from the past.

The nearer a poet is able to get to the sensations and thoughts of a child, the less will he be appreciated by children. The "Olympians" are delighted with this imaginative power; they are pleased to see the world again from the standpoint of childhood. But to the child himself, his thoughts are neither humorous nor pathetic; they just are, there is nothing to be said about them. He would see a plain statement of fact in the lines:

"When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys."

To him there would be nothing interesting or touching in this very natural question, "Little Lamb, who made thee?"

The fact that these two volumes of poems are not tagged with moral lessons seems to me a further proof that they

were not written chiefly for a child's delight. Ann and Jane Taylor, setting out deliberately to write for children, were gratifying a certain youthful appetite when they added such a verse as this to their poems:

"Now this little tale was designed
To be an example for me,
That still I may happiness find,
Whatever my station may be."

I think the fact that children are a-moral is often confused with the idea that they hate moral tales. A child often revels in such tales, as readers of that once popular book, "The Fairchild Family," must admit. The Taylors would, I believe, be almost as well-received to-day among children as they were a hundred years ago. Occasionally they rise to the level of Stevenson; these two lines might have been taken from the Garden of Verses: "O, fie upon those wicked men who did this cruel thing!"

I wish some mighty nobleman would go
and tell the king!"

Blake, more deeply than Stevenson, realises the a-moralness of the child. In the state of innocence, good and evil are unknown; joy is the inspiration of all action; the child plays, dances, and talks for sheer delight. Stevenson's child, too, is content with its own world, which moves round itself as centre. The moral note in both poets is whimsical and but lightly touched. There is the little chimney sweeper's philosophical comment:

"So if all do their duty they need not
fear harm," and Stevenson's sermon to children:

"Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces."

And after all the appeal here is not to any high moral sense.

But there are marked differences between the two poets. Perhaps a remark of Andrew Lang best suggests the difference in tone. "I could never read the book (Stevenson's) without 'a great inclination to cry.'" Every reader must make the same confession. Blake's Songs on the other hand are among the most joyous things in literature. The fact is, Blake looked on the innocent state of childhood as a state to be regained by man. "The Song of the Sinless Soul" in *Vala* is curiously like the songs in the early volume:

"Come hither, tender flocks!
I'll watch you and attend your footsteps.
". . . you do lick me feet,
And let me touch your woolly backs."

Blake could sing happily of childhood, because he looked forward as well as back. Stevenson could only sing wistfully of childhood, because he looked back and felt that:

"The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out,
Ere we be young again."

The regrets of the grown man are continually mingling with the spontaneous joy of the child. We hear them in the little boat song:

"Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating,—
Where will all come home?"

There is no note of regret in Blake. He echoes the infant's cry:

"I happy am,
Joy is my name."

A second difference between the poems is the method in which the child's mind is presented to the reader. It seems to me that Stevenson transcribes literally the feelings and thoughts of the child, Blake translates them. Stevenson gives us the child's world as he (the child) sees it, Blake gives us the atmosphere of that world.

For example, we may compare two passages describing the normal dislike of going to bed.

Blake's version:

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep:
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with
sheep."

Stevenson's:

"And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?"

Stevenson's metre gives the effect of a half-petulant complaint; Blake's verse is purer poetry, it gives the right child-like feeling too, but it is not the speech of a child.

A more easily-understood example may be taken from the poet's lines on a child's delight in the beauties of evening. Blake's child says:

"The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night."

Stevenson's child, after gazing at the stars, says:

"But the glory kept shining and bright
in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head."

To point out these differences is merely to make evident that Blake's aim was different from that of Stevenson. He knew what a child, and especially a little child, felt, and he was able to make his readers understand too. The abandon of youth quickens the metre in "The Echoing Green."

"The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies,
The merry bells ring,
To welcome the Spring,"

Though no child ever spoke as does the "Schoolboy," no poet could better have expressed the vague regrets and sorrows of childhood than Blake in the lines:

"O' father and mother, if buds are nipp'd
And blossoms blown away,

.....

How shall the summer arise in joy.
Or the summer fruits appear?"

Nor do I think anything can equal the expression of the child's absolute confidence in its own world of visions, and its impatience with the things which disturb that world—the expression given in "The Land of Dreams."

"Father, O father! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star."

Perhaps it is but a half-truth to say that we are conscious of the grown man in the Garden of Verses, and not so conscious of him in the Songs of Innocence. In one sense we are more conscious of a presence there which intrudes itself upon the simple life of the child.

Blake, the mystic, the philosopher is never far away, his children become messengers of his deeper thought. The baby talking to the lamb, speaks Blake's belief in the unity of all things:

"I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name."

The little black boy tells of the protection afforded to us here from the blaze of truth, and of the removal of the protection when,

"our souls have learn'd the heat to bear."

The little chimney-sweeper reveals death to us in its right aspect—as a setting-free; the lost child finds in his father the divine son of God.

Stevenson does not speak to us thus through his children; he writes rather to forget his more serious thought than to express it from this child-like point of view. Blake could not help himself: he had a vision of innocence continually before him; he saw the child as a type of the man that should be—of the spirit whose song should be that of a child:

"my flocks, you are my brethren:
And you birds, that sing and adorn the
sky, you are my sisters.

How clear the spring of the rock,
running among the golden sand!

How cool the breezes of the valley!"

(Vala.)

JESSIE ROSE.



STREETS OF ADVENTURE